Dylan

Marian Mereba

â€œ

He was in the back.
He made music with his hands
And then I told him I did too
Followed through...
Played him some Dylan.

There's some things you just can't deny
The summer said the sky was crying
From time to time but when it tried
It's spring time and it feels so pretty

I can't deny my buzz off you
I'm drunk off of your sweet delight
Tipsy off of your aura blue
And yellow mist inside of you

He was in the back
He made music with his hands
And then I told him I did tooâ€“followed through
Played him some Dylan

Love within dispayed
We made music with our hands
And I told him I was cool
Beautiful... Beautiful stranger...

And as I dove into his masterpiece
Observing every word
Measured first melody
Feeling perplexed by the complexityâ€“the rythm
I must confess: you see, a hex on me he's putting

Soft as pudding, legs jelly from the thought of him

Belly full of butterflies, ajaw of him
If I set him free, will I see him go?
If I tell him 'stay' will we ever grow?
I think we'll never know.

Cause

We're never having time to love
To busy writing songs about it
And I could never be your world
Until I have been all around it

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He made music with his hands
And then I told him I did tooâ€“followed through
Played him some Dylan

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Beautiful... Beautiful stranger...

Wrote a song for my love like Dylan
Wrote a song for my love like Dylan
Played the guitar like Dylan...

Wrote a song for my love like Dylan
Wrote a song for my love like Dylan
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Love within dispayed
We made music with our hands
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Lyrics Submitted by Jesse DABO

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